

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:

'Pensatia – Forgotten Rosicrucian Mystic'

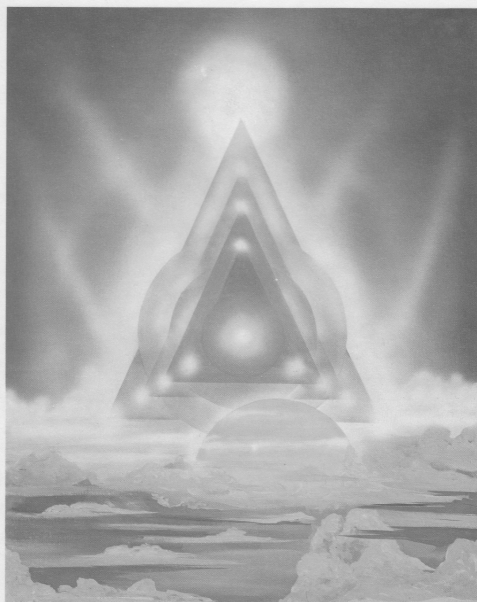
Issue Thirteen

Compiled by Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org

THE HIGH MOUNTAIN



BY

PENSATIA

'The High Mountain' by Pensatia (Helen Merrick Bond) (To have your Questions, Articles, Poetry or Art included in future editions, submit to: MarilynnHughes1@outofbodytravel.org!)

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If this book is unavailable from your local bookseller, it may be obtained directly from the Out-of-Body Travel Foundation by going to www.outofbodytravel.org.

Having worked primarily in radio broadcasting, Marilyn Hughes spent several years as a news reporter, producer and anchor before deciding to stay at home with her three children. She's experienced, researched, written, and taught about out-of-body travel since 1987.

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Journal Thirteen: Pensatia – Forgotten Rosicrucian Mystic

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The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:

'Pensatia – Forgotten Rosicrucian Mystic'

Issue Thirteen

By Marilyn Hughes

We have chosen to follow a very fascinating path in the next issues of 'The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal.' In my studies, I have found that there are a great deal of forgotten mystics in many religious traditions whose work was powerful, meaningful, vibrant and eternal. It seems unfortunate and definitely at odds with the will of the God that such works be lost in our time when such great effort was made during theirs to bring their individual revelations to light. So we've decided to feature in the next several issues forgotten mystics, some of whom are less forgotten than others, but all of whom have fallen out of the public limelight despite the fantastic and profound messages they were sent to receive and give to the rest of us.

This month's fascinating mystic lived in the mid-twentieth century, the majority of her writings published between 1958 and 1980. Her given name was Helen Merrick Bond, the daughter of a congregational minister and sister to founder of Coral Gables in Florida, George E. Merrick. Although the whole family worked in education and community service, Helen's role would be different from the rest of them as she studied the path of the Rosy Cross – Rosicrucianism – her entire life. She had a great love for Christ and the Cross which comes through in her writings and initiations into many mysteries.

She wrote many books all about her mystical experiences and the messages given to her in them by many spiritual personages. But most notably, she met the Master H, who was given to guide her on her life's journey and be a steady presence throughout her life. It was he

who gave her the pen name which resonated with her heavenly name – Pensatia.

In 'The High Mountain,' Pensatia takes the reader on her journey of purification which involves the ascending of a series of twelve planes of consciousness to reach the high mountain. In each of these planes, she is met with different teachers, led to her by her Master H and given to teach her of a different level of knowledge.

Although I have felt drawn to all of her writings which include a great many books which will be listed at the end of the article, 'The High Mountain' holds special intrigue for me as a fellow mystic because so much of it mirrors my own initiations into the mysteries, including the entities that she meets – such as the Christ, the Goddess Isis, Abraham Lincoln, a series of Masters, Councils of Initiators, etc.

"Again and again the Rod struck. New power, wholeness flowed through me. The throat center was expanded, and light circulated through my body as it fused with the centers of light. Consciousness of the two in one liberated physical karma still existing. At the ninth stroke of the Rod the Initiator uttered a chant. Attar of roses was sprinkled upon me. I felt the Rod of Light flowing its Cosmic voltage through my body, regenerating all organs, awaking all psychic centers . . . 'So be it! Through the Holy Chalice let the Rose bloom!' spoke the three witnesses, Alden, Master H and Lincoln."

*The High Mountain, Pensatia, Euclid Publishing Company, NY, USA,
1978*

But she also expresses many of the same concepts in identical detail which she was taught in the mystical realms as I, which for any mystic is a helpful tool in their own discernment of their experience.

One aspect in this particular book which was much more reminiscent of the experiences of Edgar Cayce than my own was her constant guidance into the use of medicinal herbs for various purposes, many of which had

not been proven at her time but have yet been shown in the years since her passing to be of remedial value in the very illnesses for which she was shown.

Interestingly, in my own experience, Christ has come to me more often in the robes of an Essene than in any other form. In Pensatia's visions, He also comes to her as an Essene. While as a Catholic, I would often see the Cross and Crucifix raised high in the sky upon some triumphant mystical journey, Pensatia would always see the Rosy Cross, which is a symbol of a cross with a rose in the center which represents the sacrifice, resurrection and victory of Christ.

"I awoke to silence, centered in a circular expanse of golden atmosphere. All the preceding steps, the sumtotal of my initiations, lifted my consciousness into the holy silence of this Seventh step. The Essene Jesus, the Christed One, a white dove silhouetted high above his head, stood, arms outstretched within the cosmic circle. The Guru H greeted me. 'Come close, Pensatia. Here, sit in the silence of the AUM, penning what is given thee.' Obeying, I relaxed with peace beside a blue cosmic lake. Calm green grass, magnetic and restful, bedded my body with comfort. Master H stood erect gazing upon the waters. He spoke: 'Pensatia, the Seventh step is now to be climbed. In slumber you were softly transported here. Often through this medium does the Master take the ready disciple through several steps on the Way to the High Mountain. On this Seventh stratum the Christ is seen by the faithful disciple, or sensed physically, or in sleep. From here on the Christ rays charge the Pilgrim, ever leading one to travel upward.'"

*The High Mountain, Pensatia, Euclid Publishing Company, NY, USA,
1978*

In her journeys, she faces various entities which she refers to as the 'black ones' who try to tempt her away from her path, alluring her with promises of fame, fortune and the opportunity to be like God, even experiencing

something so like the Garden of Eden it is uncanny. In my own experience, the forces of darkness were always at my side trying to prevent my sojourn to the worlds of light, as well.

"Suddenly, thunder and lightning, wild winds, bore through the calm. Two forces began struggling with me. The Black Masters, standing apart, sought by unholy rites to tear me away from my assignment on the Most High Mountain. The three Venerables, H, Lincoln and Alden of the Rose, had vanished. Also the Initiator, Dr. Charley Woo. Only myself, battering with the forces of light and darkness. A smoky suffocating power sought to quench the work of the Golden Rod. Come what may I would stand erect in the Flame of Gold. Holding to Rose and Cross I spoke from the awakened throat center: 'Begone! - I work only in the light of the Rose! Begone!' I repeated. A loathsome, claw-like hand reached out from the smoky haze and lunged for my throat center. 'Master! - Master H! - God of Heaven! - Guardian Angels!-' my cries rang out.

No answer. I was alone - deserted. Death, or to vow allegiance to the Dark Master, was my only hope. Better death than to renounce the Path and my assignment! The tightening upon my throat became more severe. The pressure increased. Steadily a stripping away of consciousness was taking place. 'Alden! - Alden!- Blessed Jesus! - ' again I made plea. With my closing breath, I demanded: 'By the Rod of Light, depart now, forces of Black!' And lo, by the power of the Rod of Light, as a miracle, the hand on my throat fell away - dissolved - and the stench with it. Free!- alive and whole!- I was. Master H stood by me, saying 'Well done, Pensatia; thou hast passed the Initiation of the Rod of Light! You are now fortified and healed! In using the Rod, you came forth, able now to go onward to the next step . . . He arose and did pluck from the tree of many blossoms which shaded the eaves of his cabin. This white flower, the essence of attar

of roses, can neither wither or fade. As long as you wear it and are true to the Path, it will keep its freshness. Yet, Pensatia, deviate from the High Mountain and your assignment, it dies as all mortal flowers.' I prayed that I never betray the purity of this esoteric flower."

*The High Mountain, Pensatia, Euclid Publishing Company,
NY, USA, 1978*

In a fabulous description, the Master H allows Pensatia to read from the Akashic record the requirements for the spiritual path and specifically the ascent to the High Mountain.

"As neophyte one starts on the probational boot training of the Path. The fundamentals are learned and applied. As a little child one places his hand in faith in the Father's and learns to know and obey cosmic law. In steady obedience one builds, brick by brick, cementing the essential ingredients within the Self needed to awaken the esoteric centers of cosmic contact, making possible the attainment to the foot of the High Mountain. Before that comes, one must be born anew within the Heart's Flame. Long or short is the boot training: according to the sum total of one's obedience to esoteric discipline. All must learn by test and trial, and pass, before they are allowed to go farther. In this boot training all negation must be transmuted. The neophyte must be pure in motive, clean in body. All the virtues of Buddha's Eightfold Path must come forth in action. The seeking of the Kingdom within must alone be the search, else the first round cannot be attained. The obedient ones, those who can and will make the ascent to the Illumined Mountain, receive the living Word from the Masters, and the Christed Light from the Creator on the summit of the High Mountain. Those faithful disciples engender and earn the power of the Word, the command of Nature Elementals, and to make the Demons to obey . . . Even as the Nazarene, he bears the initiations of Fire, Earth, Air and Water, and in triumph, raises the Cross to the bloom of the immortal Rose. One

prepares step by step to roll away the Stone to the Sepulchre within his Self. In all men, their divinity is buried, awaiting man's consciousness to awaken it . . . Let this one sentence sink in all who read, for it is the wayshower of the Path! Those who obey and give their all to know, God and the Masters ever aid, bless and redeem their harsh karma – when one has earned the grace."

The High Mountain, Pensatia, Euclid Publishing Company, NY, USA, 1978

She further undergoes initiations into the Kaballah, the Holy Grail, the Bhagavad Gita, Allah, Tao, Zen, Buddhism, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Golden Flame (reminiscent of the Eternal Flame spoken of in my own visions) and many other adventures including 'sipping from the silver vial,' much as I, too, had to drink of the waters of life from the Cistern of the Angels.

Entering into the mysteries of the Golden Flame, (the Eternal Flame, respectively) Master H then speaks to her about the journey of twin flames, soul mates – and explains it in the same manner in which I lived it through my own experiences in 'The Mysteries of the Redemption.'

"Such is God's law, ever was, is and ever will be: the woman a star that shines ever to blend with the light of her soul – man. Thus the weary, sad mistakes, yet inevitable: man and woman seeking in earth life that love which can only be found here. Not until the sacred petals of the psychic centres open in full and the student learns to transmute and prepares to enter this garden can he ever find the one his soul seeks. For here the only real and true exists. Sometimes, though not often, both enter and find each other at the same time; but more often one enters before the other and then the one who has entered first can only give all he or she has learned into the keeping of the one not yet within the garden. You, see, Pensatia,' Continued H, 'even though many have known

each other in many incarnations, not until they both have awakened and entered the door of the heart can the union of true love be possible. Therefore, souls on the Path, prepare the Rosy Way, hasten the quickening of all your centres; fulfill your debts to your Karmic mates, transmute and obey and soon you will walk in this exalted place the Creator has given for the fulfillment of your Cosmic destiny, the positive and the negative mated in a beauty of everlasting love and service, with the signature of the Word their betrothal, their marriage service the blending of the two souls in one harmonious flame.”

The Door of the Heart, Pensatia, Euclid Publishing Company, NY, USA, 1963

Interestingly, I’ve made inquiry with several Rosicrucian Organizations and it seems that Pensatia’s legacy has been lost to a great many Rosicrucian’s as well as to the rest of the world. My own estimation is that this is a great tragedy as her work was so profoundly before her time in the 1950’s through 1970’s. Reading Pensatia reminds me of my own experiences and writing in their picturesque depictions of the heavenly realms and initiations and there is an authenticity that is rare among mystical writers.

It was my desire to find out more about Helen Merrick Bond, the voice behind Pensatia, her life, her interests, if and when she died, etc. But so little remains of her legacy, just the tiny tidbits I have shared with you. Her writings remain, although rare because they are out of print, but they speak boldly of her interior life which was vast and profound.

“The Light is becoming ever more brilliant. The Redeemer, the Living Word, has come to claim its own. It shines out love, compassion, mercy forgiveness, courage, faith. Partake of Its bounty. Dedicate your life, your all, to

the glory and wisdom. Thus will happiness, peace and fulfillment be yours.”

The Magnetic Light, Euclid Publishing Company, NY, USA, 1980

In our Question and Answer section we will take on the age old question asked by many around the world as to why they have not yet experienced out-of-body travel, but we will allow Master H to add his thoughts on this subject, as well. We will also answer an inquiry about St. Michael from a member of the Knights of St. Michael, interested in knowing more about the mystical manifestations of this great archangel of the Lord.

Perhaps in our current time of warring with nations around the world these words of Master H to Pensatia have special significance:

“Humanity faces the aftermath of self-made and world karma. Now the mandate is: Go with God or perish. Not by force – war – but by evolution, Soul and Love power exemplified, shall peace be. ‘Man know thy Self’ speaks the esoteric Word. Thus only can one bridge safely the Dark Night of ignorance and negation. Ever thusly have the Avatars proclaimed the Way . . . “

The High Mountain, Pensatia, Euclid Publishing Company, NY, USA, 1978

In the spirit of these words, we have included a series of interesting articles. Beginning with ‘The Kingdom of Heaven’ which encourages us to bring more heavenly thinking from above to below, to within our own psyche’s because evolution of humanity begins with each man. Following this, ‘War and the American Excuse’ discuss the historical ramifications of violence and misunderstanding between cultures throughout the ages and how we as nations must stop the repeating of past mistakes and learn from that which has already come to pass. Finally, ‘The White Dove’ tells the intricate story of another forgotten soul from long ago, a fighter pilot, which an interesting plot twist. Did this man make a pact

with the devil? By studying his life, we ask these questions, but we also see the momentary nature of that which we have in this life, and how sad it is when any of us chooses darkness over the light for impermanent gain.

In hoping to allow Master H to answer the age old question received by 'The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation' by those seeking to know God more, we have allowed Pensatia's pen to answer the question of how to reach out-of-body travel. Beyond this, we answer an inquiry regarding St. Michael and the Archangels.

Perhaps the last words to the masses of Pensatia were these – penned in 1980 in her book 'The Magnetic Light,' the last known work of Helen Merrick Bond:

"Be honest in your seeking and dedication to know. Be diligent and responsible to all earthly obligations . . . Be humble. Be generous in all earthly contacts. When you are ready, the Master will come and guide you to the High Mountain and your earthly mission. The Light is. Man must realize this to find fulfillment, and peace profound. Now as the Master departed, his aura settled around me like a golden mist. Attar of roses, like incense, permeated the atmosphere. The music of the spheres resounded. A voice echoed within my heart: 'Pensatia, finished is 'The Magnetic Light.' May this book journey out to the wide , wide world, and touch the hearts of many, and may each find this Light which lights all darkness, all sorrow, all ignorance into life's divine meaning."

*The Magnetic Light, Pensatia, Euclid Publishing Company, NY, USA,
1980*

*The Books of Pensatia (Helen Merrick Bond):
The Door of the Heart
The Stone and Elixir
The Inner Signature
The Master H*

The Flame of White
The Rose of Life
The High Mountain
Master H's Call to Humanity
The Disciple and the Master
Living Words from the Master
The Path
The Magnetic Light
The Golden Dawn
Vigil

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The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:
Question and Answer Forum!

Please Send Your Questions to:

magazine@outofbodytravel.org

For Future Inclusion in this Section!

Question from USA, Egypt, United Arab Emirates, Bahrain, Brazil, Puerto Rico, Italy, and others: I've tried for years to have out-of-body experiences and I've either 1.) never been able to have them or 2.) experienced only fleeting moments beyond the body. What must I do to experience out-of-body travel regularly?

Marilynn: I get this question so often and I feel the frustration of readers who have not yet passed into the realms of out-of-body travel. There is no simple answer because God does whatsoever He willeth, and each of us has different purpose and destiny in this life which affects the manner in which the Lord may move within our souls. Not experiencing Out-of-Body Travel is not an indication of lack of effort or unworthiness, although it could be in certain instances, but rather, it is an indication of that which each individual soul is ready to embark upon at any given moment in their own unique and individual spiritual journey.

My own answer to such a question is very simple, although perhaps frustrating to the hearer: it takes hours and hours of meditation, prayer and contemplation daily – and sometimes for years at a time, before the out-of-body experience may manifest itself.

Not everybody's purpose and destiny in life will allow for this type of absorption in the spiritual practices. And if

this is the case, it is only an indication of a different path which may be traveled differently. But it is not inferior.

Trust the Lord with your soul, and follow the devotions, practices and prayer that is compatible to your faith and life. Then trust the results and never give those practices up. Don't become frustrated and walk away, it is only in diligence and deep obedience that the Lord may come.

But in the spirit of this issue's forgotten mystic, I would like to allow the Master H from the pen of Pensatia to also answer this common question that so many seek a feasible answer to in the hopes that his enlightened words may shed deeper light on this process:

*"Yes, readers, there is a Path. Seek it not in outward things countries or cities, but in the citadel of the heart. If one is in earnest the search will not be in vain, the Masters will see to that. You will find the Way; be steady in your quest. Join no spurious man-made cults; pray for the right door to open which will guide you safely through the crucibles and disciplines of the Way. When once you have chosen and contacted the outer portal to your pilgrimage depart not from it; with obedience follow through to the illuminated awakening of Cosmic Consciousness. It matters not how humble or menial your life. Educated or not, rich or poor, if you desire with all your heart and mind you are eligible for the great climb . . . To each in a different way the door will open in your response to my Call. One direction I leave with you as this chapter closes:
Be still, as and the high adventure to this immortal
awakening must come."*

*The Lotus of Wisdom, Pensatia, Euclid Publishing Company, NY, USA,
1968*

"One cannot jump from the Base to the Top. The curious, the materialist, the sensual, may never put their feet even on the outskirts of the Rosy Path. Elimination -

transmutation of the lesser – must be, if one seeks the Path to the High Mountain!"

*The High Mountain, Pensatia, Euclid Publishing Company, NY, USA,
1978*

"Only those awake in obedience walk the esoteric Path of the Masters to the High Mountain of initiation. By self-made cause and effect man crucifies himself. Only by reclamation in the Christus and the Holy Grail will the Living Rose of Life bloom from man's heart. Scientifically, spiritually, materially, must the inner mysteries be realized by each and every one on this planet, Earth. In order that this be, man must seek beyond the objective into the lost horizons of his immortality. All that is hidden must become known. The joy, grandeur, wonder of the super world within man himself must be traveled at will by man."

*The Lotus of Wisdom, Pensatia, Euclid Publishing Company, NY, USA,
1968*

"Be faithful in little everyday duties. Neglect not the weekly lessons, the tedious repetitions of boot training and procedure necessary to attainment esoteric. Carry out thy holy orders no matter the cost or sacrifice. Remember, all that is let go of in earthly desires shall be returned threefold at the summit of thy pilgrimage. Usually desires change if not sound cosmically. If basically in harmony with cosmic law, whether early or late on the Path, desires of the heart are granted one. Many times when least expected they bloom for man."

*The Lotus of Wisdom, Pensatia, Euclid Publishing Company, NY, USA,
1968*

"No one becomes a disciple by rapid development. True, one may attain Cosmic Consciousness in advance of others. This is no gift, but earned from esoteric work performed in other incarnations, or from selfless service, zeal and faith in this life. No side doors of bribery can bring to the student the Living Rose of Life. Those who think so soon eliminate themselves and go their endless round of mental indigestion. They join cults and other

schools, thinking there is a short cut. Alas, too late, they find they have mastered nothing, and know only a jumble of book knowledge. They are called 'drifters.' Such never make the grade even in boot training. Know, before you enter any true esoteric door or outer portal, be sure you want it more than breath itself. Not for fame, worldly power or prestige or occult magic or love for self. If this be so, set not your foot thereon, for you will fail by the deceit of your own false intentions. For a while it may appear you are attaining the great mysteries, yet just when you think you have the Stone and Elixir all will crumble. For only honesty and pureness of heart can walk the tightrope to the Most High Mountain."

The Lotus of Wisdom, Pensatia, Euclid Publishing Company, NY, USA, 1978

"At the Immaculate Table where ever sits the Christ, come in reverence, bow down and listen. Hear Him say to each disciple: 'Thou art whole, go forth in peace. In thy heart sing like a bird of the morning skies. Fight not, but live in brotherhood straight, eternally young with the nectar of the Absolute for thy nourishment as well as nature's abundance. With gracious deeds and thoughts cover thy walking mission. Laugh much and hurry not to gain temporal things. Rather ever hunger for the divine in all life."

The Master H, Pensatia, Euclid Publishing Company, NY, USA, 1961
When man earns and becomes conscious of his Soul, the Body of Light is henceforth the captain of his earthly journey. From then on the physical body is the faithful servant of man's Divine Self. Until this happens, man is driftwood on the Sea of Maya."

The Path, Pensatia, Euclid Publishing Company, NY, USA, 1972
"Now the light of his aura beamed out and down into the darkness of man's ignorance. With the resounding flow of AUM, his fingertips touched earth's loam. And the Word, alive from his throat, resounded over the Living Rose. With the Waters of Life, he baptized man. All who were

ready, all those seeking, were ignited to enter and walk the Kings Highway to the High Mountain, its lofty peak rose high in Cosmic citadel. And a gentle breeze, yet quick in action, fanned man's inertia to life. Such is the impact and influence of the Hierarchal Masters, those of the White Lodge, those who bring the Light from the East, those who shoot the Cosmic arrow into man's heart, those who sound the drum of the Word out to all humanity. Such is the Path the wayshower of the Aquarian Age, the lighthouse to man's liberation from maya."

The Path, Pensatia, Euclid Publishing Company, NY, USA, 1972

Question from Hank Snow, Salinas, CA, USA - Armis Sub Rosa~Lex et Ordo: Greetings Marilyn, I saw a recent post of yours on the Rosicrucian Yahoo Forum. I'm a hanger on there, never really posting anything but trying to observe and learn. Hence, my direct inquiry to you as opposed to a forum inquiry. To be honest, I'd feel a little awkward posting on the forum now as I haven't even yet introduced myself to the others on the forum... I want to learn more about Rosicrucianism before taking that plunge...

To the point of my inquiry:

You mentioned some association/revelation in regards to St. Michael the Archangel. This is of particular interest to me, rooted in my association with a Christian Chivalric Order of Knighthood. I am a novice student of St. Michael, and suspect there is much more to the archetype/being than I've been able to find in the traditional texts. Any additional insights you can offer in this regard would be greatly appreciated.

Yours in Christ,

Marilynn: I would love to help you with that. I've written about experiences with him in my books. You can download them in full at :

<http://www.outofbodytravel.org/> for free. Go to the 'Out-of-Body Travel' Books, download those which should include 'The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism,' 'Galactica: A Treatise on Death, Dying and the Afterlife,' and 'The Palace of Ancient Knowledge: A Treatise on Ancient Mysteries.', and do a search for St. Michael and it should take you to those experiences directly. In the PDF Document, you go to Find, and then 'Open Full Reader Search.' Use St. Michael as your search parameter. You'll find several experiences in 'Galactica' and I believe there is one in 'The Palace of Ancient Knowledge.'

You may wish to try all the documents for search words such as Archangels, Guardian Angels, Angels, Spiritual Guardians and things like these to read about other experiences with angels. You may find reading them all interesting, just as an adjunct to your interest in the celestial kingdoms. There are a lot of things in the first book relating to the angelic kingdoms and they do go in sequence.

Another thing I thought you might find interesting for your perusal are two pictures I'm attaching. One is a painting I did myself years ago of St. Michael as I saw him in an experience related in 'Galactica.' And the other is a picture taken by the Hubble telescope in 1998 that I didn't know existed until many years beyond my own painting.

Please feel free to ask me anything and enjoy the site and the books.



*Painting Done by Author of Out-of-Body Experience with
St. Michael*



*Image Captured by the Hubble Telescope in 1998 of St.
Michael.*

*Many Blessings,
Marilynn Hughes
MarilynnHughes@outofbodytravel.org
www.outofbodytravel.org*

Response from Hank Snow, Salinas, CA, USA - Armis Sub Rosa~Lex et Ordo: Greetings Marilynn, Thank you so much for your assistance this. I've only begun to scratch the surface of the volume of material you have so graciously made available to me.

In this life, on this side of the veil, it is so difficult to decipher what is true and what is false. However, I recall reading from an ancient text once that the "Truly Enlightened Ones" do not peddle knowledge like some worthless trinket, but offer it freely to all who are

willing to listen or able to see. With so much out there, claiming to be "the path" I use this as a simple litmus test. The fact that you have made so much of your work freely available to all who are willing to look tells me volumes about your character, and perhaps more importantly the veracity of the source. Needless to say, I will be delving more deeply into your work as soon as time permits.

May the Peace of Christ be with you always, Hank Snow

Marilynn: Thanks very much for your kind words and I wish you well in your studies!

Response from Hank Snow, Salinas, CA, USA - Armis Sub Rosa~Lex et Ordo: Greetings Marilyn, On an interesting note. And, you may also quote me in this if you like... Almost immediately after sending you my thanks in the last email I just happened to look at the Hubble photo again. This time I was amazed to see the head, hair, and upper chest/torso of St. Michael. I also noticed something over his head. I can't tell if it's a halo or a crown, but there is definitely something going on there too. Da Vinci or Michaelangelo could not have painted a more awe-inspiring picture. I had studied it for some time previously, but was only able to see the blackened outline of his wings before. Was it coincidence? Is it delusional? Something tells me it is neither, but that our "mutual friend" has managed to gain just a little more of my attention! Blessings, Hank Snow

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:
Different Voices!

This is our section devoted to the writings and opinions of others, which may not reflect the views of author, Marilyn Hughes. Inclusion of any author's writings or work does not denote an endorsement or recommendation in regards to their writings.

Some of these will be individual writings of others on subjects of spiritual interest, other people's out-of-body experiences - some which may agree with and/or contradict the experiences of the author, poems, journals of spiritual transformation, and critiques - both positive and negative opinions and/or analysis, of the author's work.

We choose to include ALL of these because we feel that the ability to discuss our similarities and differences openly is 'ALL GOOD' as GANDHI used to say.

We welcome and encourage your submissions for possible future inclusion in this section, although we stress that we are a non-profit organization and payment is not available:

magazine@outofbodytravel.org

We have found that some of the best critiques, analysis, writings and experiences come from people all over the world in different walks of life who are pursuing their spiritual path with passion and are completely unknown.

THANK YOU ALL, whether you agree or disagree with our work, FOR YOUR COMMITMENT TO SEEK THE TRUTH IN WHATEVER WAY THAT TRUTH MAY COME TO SEEK YOU!

The Kingdom of Heaven

and Much More — Step Inside

By Michael

Most spiritual or religious persons have heard that the Kingdom of Heaven is within. Different groups may say it in different ways, but the point is clear: Heaven, peace, and happiness all source from within.

I considered this the other day. It's easy enough to say to myself, "Oh, yes, that's true," and then hurry to the next thought. This time, though, I went deeper. I asked myself, "What does Heaven look like? Better yet, how does it feel? Even better, how do I get there?" Meditation, contemplation, or prayer was the way to find the answer of course. I believed that it would take a long time to find out, but I dove in anyway. "How does Heaven feel?" I asked. Within moments I intuitively heard, "Heaven is." Then, "Peace *is*." Then "Happiness *is*."

As many mystics have pointed out, trying to explain inner revelations can be counterproductive: the more you say, the farther from the truth you get. But keeping quiet about it doesn't help much either. So, I'll talk about it. The accent of all this was on the word "is." "Is" in this sense means *isness* or *beingness*. It's a state of existence that remains constant, unlike the ever-changing scene of everyday life. It's a reality that just is.

While many belief systems stress the idea of *becoming* — moving from one state of being to another — the idea of *isness* focuses on a deep-level reality that does not become

or seek to become anything. It is a given and simply is. You do not have to become anything or go anywhere to reach this state: it was, is, and always will be. Right here, right now, and forever. And this state is not something you have to "imagine": it represents the real, eternal you. In the highest sense, you are a state of being.

I started using this idea as a meditation by saying, "*Peace is within me.*" Peace is part of my true reality, my identity. In contrast to this dynamic yet fixed state, everyday events belong to the ever-changing surface reality, sometimes pleasant, sometimes not. Regardless of surface reality conditions, though, peace *always* is. Existential conditions cannot disturb that deep level, regardless of how turbulent those conditions are. The earth rotates: sometimes it's day, sometimes it's night, but the sun is always there, shining.

The point of the meditation is to open the pathways of consciousness so the "isness reality" shines through more easily into the material "real-world reality." Ironically, the material real-world reality is a subset of the isness-plane reality.

You focus on whatever traits you want. Here's a partial list of what I use.

"Peace *is* within me."

"Love *is* within me."

"Consciousness *is* within me."

"Happiness *is* within me."

"Wisdom *is* within me."

"Eternity *is* within me."

"Infinity *is* within me."

"Knowing *is* within me."

"Contentment *is* within me."

"Security *is* within me."

"Life *is* within me."

"Abundance *is* within me."

"Light *is* within me."

And so on.

These traits or energies are innate in spiritual nature, and they are good for us. Through science, we have learned how our physical senses guide us to survive and prosper. When we experience something pleasurable, like biting into a ripe, juicy apple, the enjoyment we feel is nature's way of saying, "Yes, you are doing the right thing." The same holds true for our sixth senses, which include the feelings of peace, love, and happiness. We experience them and we feel remarkable: They are good for us. They are pointing us in the right direction.

These traits are part of the fabric of the universe, woven in its DNA at the time of its birth. The more of them you embody, the more integrated you are spiritually. If you experienced even one of these traits constantly, then you would be "enlightened." If you experienced one of them much of the time, you would be a master.

With civilization on the brink of disaster — or at the dawn of an evolutionary leap — we need to be spiritually mature to participate most effectively in the transition. Civilization is at a crucial juncture and needs all the divine support — radiating through us — as it can get. We do this by embodying these traits (by whatever means) so we can project them into the world. On the other hand, the Force of Evolution can make evolution happen despite our behavior. Material reality is porous; divinity can seep through whenever it chooses.

By opening channels within ourselves to the deepest levels of reality, we create changes in our behavior and in the outer world. For instance, when you bring forth peace, your driving habits change. Instead of driving competitively, you drive cooperatively. You are more relaxed, loving, and accepting. You create less friction and ill will. Other drivers notice it at some level, and this makes the world a more peaceful place.

You can even use this technique to serve others directly. Say for example you are with someone who appears depressed. You could help by evoking optimism. You could say, "*Optimism is within me and without me.*" Let it flow through you. If you are successful, you can see the person shift. That energy from deep within you can connect to the same energy deep within him or her. It completes the circuit, and they could feel it.

During these meditations, visions can spring into your mind. When I was focusing on "*Abundance is within me,*" I saw vines growing out of my body. It's not something I was trying to do. My eyes were closed and the vision appeared. There were only a few vines though; something was blocking others from growing. I looked closer. Psychically, I saw a plastic-like skin covering me. I removed it, and then "abundance vines" started sprouting out all over my body.

It's easy to be creative with these meditations. When I'm feeling fearful, I say this: "OK, I feel fearful. Beyond that, though, confidence is a given element within me. Confidence *is within me.*" It counters fear. In principle then, you take whatever negative thought or emotion you are experiencing, search for its "divine counterpart," and then evoke that higher trait.

In any event, happiness — that which we all seek — exists within everyone. You can find it and feel it by practicing. Being happy is an evolutionary act. While riches, fame, and force cannot sustain happiness, happiness is available to everybody by going within. Perhaps best of all, these divine aspects are not random elements of some higher plane. Rather, they have been part of us since the moment the universe was created.

Michael

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War and the American Excuse

By J.D. Simbeck

"Most atrocities are stimulated by accounts of the enemy's atrocities; and pity for the oppressed classes, when separated from the moral law as a whole, leads by a very natural process to the unremitting brutalities of a reign of terror."

(C.S. Lewis *The Problem of Pain*)

In the months and years following 9/11, we often heard "the world will never be the same." Yet, the world changes every hour and 3,000 die tragically each day. Anarchists in the heartland are capable of more harm than foreigners; gangs disrupt more lives than *Al Qaeda*; deer crossing the road killed more Americans annually than hate-filled Muslims the world over prior to 2001. What places September 11, 2001 on a par with epochal events in history?

After Pearl Harbor's 3,000 casualties, 66 years earlier, the United States embarked on World War II. The subsequent four years took half a million American lives. Overall casualties – civilian and military – cost every continent and vastly exceeded the losses of World War I. Americans figure we won both of them, fueling our competitive sense of virtue and invincibility. The United States of Amnesia (Gore Vidal's line) has been a world-beater since the turn of the 20th century.

Go back a further hundred years, however, to a curious pair of Revolutions. First came America's colonial struggle

for independence. A small, un-financed rebel group rose up on principle and – with lots of French help – managed to free itself from tyranny. The good guys outlasted the military super-power of the day. Within a generation, America’s partner in the “noble” effort endured its own monumental struggle. This time, by contrast, the banner of Enlightenment ideals rose as an internal fight against tyranny. No ocean separated the workers and intellectuals of France from their monarchy. America saw that civil war aspect as grounds for remaining neutral. The revolutionaries – Jacobins, Girondins, sans-culottes – considered such aloofness an “infuriating show of ingratitude” (F. Furstenberg, NYT 10/28/07).

Four years ago, many in this country felt the same. French wine faced a national boycott and menus changed from French fries to “freedom fries.” Dominique de Villepin epitomized all that the ideologues saw as wrong-headed at the United Nations (and in France particularly). Andy Rooney aired a *60 Minutes* rant about the French not earning the right to oppose America’s righteous war on terror. How dare they obstruct American belligerence?

For one thing, they saw fissures in America’s campaign rhetoric. The targeted dictator resided two oceans away – on the other side of the globe – and the oppressed Persians had little in common with American culture. Absent oil reserves, why would we bother? Invading a sovereign nation renders one an aggressor or an imperialist. Legally, America had no legitimate claim to aggrieved status (pretext #1) and the case for self-protection (claim #2) rang as hollow in many minds as it had when used by Stalin, Hitler and Napoleon. Rationale #3, adopted for domestic consumption, became “we are fighting for freedom.”

"Freedom" is a word the French used creatively back in their revolutionary day. The Jacobins of 1792 -- well before Napoleon's rise to power -- promulgated "a crusade for universal liberty" and "an offensive war" (both expounded by the aptly named Jacques-Pierre Brissot de Warville). Thus, the French Army of 1793 went on the attack before their mortal enemies could destroy the Revolution. [They got bogged down in Austria, then retreated to relative calm until Bonaparte took over: one large swing of the pendulum left them an Emperor more powerful than the Bourbons].

The Jacobins were best known for their conviction every political enemy was worse than unpatriotic. Dissidents threatened the homeland's survival; therefore, in the interest of public safety, the back-stabbers were imprisoned and often killed. Danton, Robespierre, St. Just: most all met the very same fate when the French awoke to the insanity of the guillotine. Those self-appointed leaders during the Reign of Terror were called "Terrorists."

Guerilla fighters of South Africa and the Philippines didn't originate the term any more than Quantrill's Raiders of the 1860's or the PLO of the 1970s. Its French origins testify to the ambiguity of who gets the label (the losers) and who wages the terror campaign. To cite one example from the last century, Irish Republicans were insurgents and assassins in British eyes (not the British Irregulars, the infamous Black and Tans who alienated the Irish public). Winning elevated the rebels to heroic status: glorious patriots who shook off the yoke of British oppression much as Washington's ill-clad soldiers had in the 1780s.

That is precisely **why America "cannot afford" to let the "illegal enemy" combatants prevail** this century. How unthinkable would it be for Muslim militias, the Taliban or

Al Qaeda to best the superpower? Rather conceivable to the North Vietnamese – where the sky and the dominoes hardly fell after America’s retreat from Saigon. More conceivable yet to the *mujahadeen* who dislodged the Soviets in the 1980s. Disdaining world-opinion and stark precedent, America furthermore shrugs off cries to close Guantanamo, military bases and hundreds of other “facilities.” How ironic we find ourselves on the other side of the bars this time.

It was Americans who pushed, after their experience against the British, for international laws on the humane treatment of prisoners. During the American war for Independence, British prison ships and ghastly internment camps killed more colonists than all the Revolutionary battles combined. Americans led the effort into the 1800s to assure legal standards for warring nations to honor. International agreements led gradually from there to Geneva (1865-1949) with its universally recognized code of treatment.

The cruel resort to torturing foreign detainees (despite what the President continually denies) rebounds when we treat our own ruthlessly. Just before Thanksgiving 2007, the Defense Department admitted to over 20,000 brain trauma cases that previously were not counted in the official tally of 30,000 soldiers hurt in the Middle-East. That means over fifty-thousand seriously wounded on the American side. Amplify that figure a dozen times to acknowledge the destroyed families and infrastructure of Iraq and Afghanistan. How steep are casualty figures in the coalition armies? Who is counting losses among the 150,000 private contractors paid to serve the mission? Moreover, 25,000 American soldiers have returned home and received discharges for “personality disorders” that

supposedly pre-date military service (that way the VA cuts them off from ongoing treatment). Least of all, figure 4,000 families losing outright their son, daughter, father or mother. Where is Arthur-Anderson when America needs another blessing at the altar of shady accounting?

The monetary price tag looks so daunting even Republican economists shudder. One to two trillion dollars is the current estimate (including long-term health care for 50,000 seriously wounded). Remember the famous Wolfowitz answer before Congress in 2002 -- to the effect the War would basically fund itself? [With that investing record, they later promoted him to head up the World Bank]. At any cost, **winning a War on Terror has all the likelihood of success one might find warring against the shadow side of human nature.** Oddly enough, among serious students of Islam, that is precisely the larger meaning of *Jihad*. Neither version of *jihad* can be won over the long-term, of course. No one can eliminate violence, religious differences or sin – and certainly not with greater violence. Only a nation seeking endless war (and confident enough to pay the costs) would deem it rational to formally declare “War on Terror.” Calling it “winnable” is nonsense.

Five years into the War, costs are now quantifiable. We’ve also seen enough to qualify them culturally and geopolitically. America’s Founding Fathers designed separate power centers to balance federal influence. However, the Executive controls Homeland Security, the Pentagon and Justice Department in such a way it co-opts the other two branches. Legislatively, Gingrich, DeLay and Hastert forged Republican Party discipline that obliterated the traditional decorum of Congressional debate. Authoritarian in nature, congressional caucuses

follow Party orders instead of constituent and national interest. At best, their counterparts (Daschle, Pelosi, Reid) appear righteously impotent.

On the Judicial side, Executive Bush side-steps the rare reprimand of federal courts. Oval Office legal teams work hand in glove with the Justice Department to appeal adverse rulings on executive authority and stymie investigations into backroom dealings. When they don't posture for extraordinary review by the Supreme Court (e.g. *Bush v. Gore* 2001), they retool legislation around the rebukes (e.g. 2006 torture statutes re-written, or the 2007 damages exemption for telecoms that illegally furnished access to private communications).

The clearest arrogation of power pertains to 750+ signing statements by the Administration. Curbs on environmental standards, military conduct and other Cabinet level actions lead to constant revision of Law at the direction of the Black House. No other President has seized the prerogative of signing so many bills with asterisks. Carte blanche to alter traditional limits eviscerates the centuries-old separation of powers doctrine. The Executive was designed primarily to enforce the laws. Instead, we get selective enforcement with lots of legislative twisting and interpretive wrangling. People sense this, decrying the weakness of Congress and the ideological bent of the Judicial branch.

Secondly, have we protected individual liberties as intended by the innovators of the young Republic? Bills of Rights augmented the Federal and state Constitutions of the 1790s to safeguard against governmental power. Infringements on civil liberties arise whenever sedition, espionage and foreign threats appear great enough to

suspend these cherished values. In all historical instances (1798, 1860, 1918, 1940, 1954) the suppression Acts subsequently expired or promptly repealed with much shaking of heads. Now, of course, we collectively regret McCarthyism, internment camps for Japanese Americans, incarceration of thousands before and during World War I. Our own lop-sided textbooks show that American ideals are consistently abrogated when fear holds the reins.

Thirdly, what image are we selling? Generations from now, school-kids will marvel how foolishly America squandered, in a desert land far away, the world's post-9/11 sympathy and good-will. The story will be told of an evil genius in turban and robe. This fanatic knew precisely where our goat was tied. He cleverly evaded the world's smartest operatives, deflected pursuit to a hapless dictator he never liked anyway, then repackaged himself as a motivational speaker with videos, tapes and millions of fans. America, of all cultures, letting itself be out-marketed and out-maneuvered?

Witnessing the glory days of American Independence, **Lord Acton** wrote a paean to the practical idealists who forged a bright new way among the nations. *"It was from America that the plain ideas that men ought to mind their own business, and that the nation is responsible to Heaven for the acts of the State...burst forth like a conqueror upon the world they were destined to transform, under the title of the Rights of Man."* Does 21st century America resemble that remark? Policing the world -- as dominant powers tend to do -- essentially assumes the world is part of the nation's business. President Taft once said *"the business of America is business."* Thus, wherever markets exist, we must deserve a determining role. Globalization shall be writ in red, white and blue. The part about responsibility to

Heaven presumes another activist interpretation. Does God truly want a Christian nation spending more on its military endeavors than the rest of the world combined? That's our business.

What was indeed revolutionary about 9/11 is not the attack itself but the over-reaction. Reactionary leaders prove more dangerous than provocateurs. Whether justified by business interests or good old fashioned revenge, the War on Terror comes at a huge price. Had the Administration honestly assessed the costs before invasion, not even true believers would have condoned such an adventure. Instead of governmental checks and balances; we write checks that anywhere else would be bouncing. In place of three strong branches to counter-balance the tree, the bushes have grown up to eclipse the lower limbs. These very days when citizens lack the indignation to fight for liberties, we wage abroad a pyrrhic battle for the freedom of foreigners. No wonder the reputation of America has been sullied like no other time in 100 years. Emerson put it bluntly in 1898 after the Spanish-American (semblance of a) War: *"our name will stink to the high heavens."* Nasser said in the 1960s: *"The genius of you Americans is that you never make clear cut stupid moves, only complicated stupid moves."*

They say the Magi came from Persia, alien mystics who drew inspiration from a western star. Every Christmas season, I wish the West were again a light to the nations. Sure, we are doing good things here and there, yet many view us as Herod slaughtering the innocents. That, unfortunately, is the American message to the world community of the early 21st century.

America, America, God mend thine every flaw;

*Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in Law.*

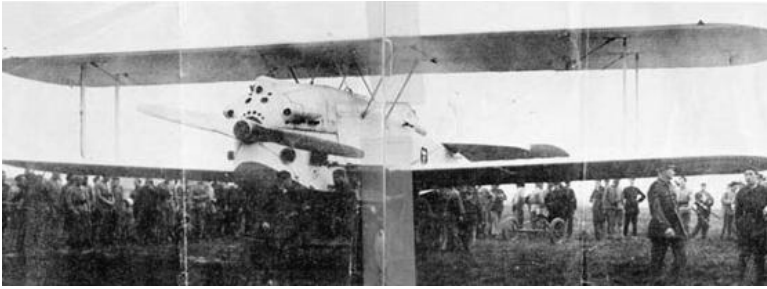
(2nd verse of “America the Beautiful”)

J.D. (Duff) Simbeck is a Graduate of Harvard University, Cum Laude, and currently helps run a family business which specializes in Geomembrane Liners used in Waste Water Treatment Plants, Landfills, Mines, Golf Courses, Lakes, Ponds and other uses. You can look ‘Simbeck and Associates’ up on the Web at www.simbeckliners.com.

The White Dove

Death Sometimes Does Take A Holiday

By J. Lee Choron



There is a tale that is told in the Arab world of a man from Samara who was informed by an angel that Death would find him and claim him... three days hence... in his very home. When he learned this, he immediately gathered up a few belongings and fled to the holy city of Mecca, hoping to avoid his appointment with the Dark Angel. Three days later, as he was traveling along the road, attempting to escape his fate, he met Death along the way. The man was terrified, but the Grim Reaper was equally surprised by the encounter. Of course, Death claimed the man anyway. "What are you doing here?" Death asked the man as he took him. "I had an appointment with you in Samara..."

There are those, however, who flaunt death even though they know that their "appointment" is close at hand, or, more specifically, that it is not close at hand, and know it as an absolute certainty. There are those who seem to

know, possibly do know, exactly when that "appointment" will be, and are undaunted by it, because they know that no matter what they do, it is not yet "their time". There is also a more sinister aspect to be considered. There are, in fact, those who have, in some way, "made a deal"... Those who not only know when that terrible appointment will be, but have arranged for it themselves in exchange for something that is at least temporarily more important to them than a long life. It is said, in some circles, that "all men have a price". Perhaps this is true in at least some cases.

The story of the "Appointment in Samara" could be an apt and valid illustration of the life of one of the world's most famous aviators... a man who lived life to its limit, and flaunted death as though he knew exactly when his appointed time would come. Of course there could be other explanations for such a man and his attitudes...

Before looking into those possibilities, we must first take a brief look at the man himself and something of his personal "history" and accomplishments, which were quite substantial. His name is all but forgotten today, but for the last twelve years of his short lifetime, it was a household word on two continents. He was a man of many contrasts. He was both brave and reckless... a daredevil who would literally try anything and was usually successful at anything he tried. He was at the same time feared, respected, hated and adored. He was glamorous, and at the same time sinister. He was known as "the man with the charmed life". He was arrogant, boastful and a "loner", but inspired intense loyalty in the few who were allowed to be close to him. He was a methodical, cold-blooded killer with the blood of forty-five

men on his hands. He was a national hero. And... he was in all likelihood... a "Warlock"... a "Wizard"... by any other name, a male "witch". It was a charge that was often made and one that he never denied... In fact, he reveled in it... just as he reveled in his claim that death would come for him "at its appointed time, and not one second before"... When it did come, he was at the absolute peak of his popularity and involved in the greatest venture of his life. Could that popularity have been the "price of the man"?

History records that American Charles Lindberg was the first man to successfully cross the Atlantic Ocean in an airplane. Lindberg, and his history making Ryan monoplane "Spirit of St. Louis" made the epic crossing, from New York to Paris, in the summer of 1927... But... Lindberg was not first...

Several weeks earlier, on May 8, 1927 Charles Nungesser left Le Bourget airfield in France with Captain Francois Coli, his navigator. Coli, himself was a noted aviator of the time and considered by many to be the best navigator in the air. The airplane, a specially built Levasseur P.L.8 flotation equipped biplane, was commissioned by Nungesser specifically for his Atlantic crossing attempt. It was built with a large, for the time, three place cockpit and was considered an extremely long range aircraft, even without any modification. It was, in fact, identical to the Levasseur aircraft that would eventually equip the new French carrier Berne. It is one of the ironies surrounding the story of Charles Nungesser that the all-white airplane was, graphically, adorned on both sides with Nungesser's First World War insignia... *a black heart containing two burning candles, a coffin, and skull and cross bones...* and yet bore the name "Les Oiseau Blanc"... "The White Dove".

There was no reason for the famous fliers to expect anything but success as they set out over the Atlantic Ocean. Lieutenant Charles Nungesser, Captain Coli, and their plane, Les "Oiseau Blanc" -- the "White Dove", were never seen again -- in *this* life.

The weather in Paris was clear when they departed, and it was fine weather for flying. Hundreds were on hand to watch the white aircraft climb majestically into the sky. Nungesser jauntily wagged his wings in salute to the crowd as "Les Oiseau Blanc" shed it's useless, detachable landing gear. The PL. 8, as seaplane, would land on water once Nungesser and Coli Reached New York. Soon, however, the beautiful flying weather that all had hoped would grace the trip turned foul. In those days, before the radio was common, and before airplanes were built with the range needed to routinely span the oceans, there was nothing to do but forge ahead. There were numerous reports of the "Oiseau Blanc" making landfall over the coast of Newfoundland, old-timers still recall hearing the throbbing roar of the aircraft's straining engine as it pushed ahead into the teeth of one of the worst storms ever to lash the Canadian coast. Almost all of the literally hundreds of investigators into the flight, both at the time and in years to follow have established that the intrepid pair did, in fact, make it across the Atlantic at least as far as Canada's Atlantic seaboard. It is widely believed that Nungesser and Coli might have made it as far as Maine. At the time, there were over a dozen reports of an aircraft engine being heard in the Bar Harbor area, on the night that "Oiseau Blanc" should have been there. Owing to the horrendous weather conditions in the area, the "White Dove" should have been the only aircraft in the air at the time of the reports. To further validate this claim, it must be noted that Bar Harbor lies in a direct line of flight

between New York and the location of the earlier sighting reports in Newfoundland. Of course, Nungesser and Coli never made it to New York, and... and, no wreckage has ever been found. So ended the life of one of France's most famous flyers.

Now, up until this time, Charles Nungesser had led a charmed life... He had, in fact, been invited to take part in the Trans-Atlantic venture, not as pilot, but as co-pilot, because of his flamboyant antics, both in the air and on the ground. He was one of the most recognizable men in France... He was also known as being one of the luckiest. His obsession with the supernatural... the Paranormal... his seeming dance with death and its symbolism... only enhanced his image in the public's eye...



Charles Eugene Jules Marie Nungesser was born in Paris on the 15th of March, 1892, and for his entire life... all thirty-four short years of it, had a reputation as both a daredevil and a man who flaunted Death. It seemed that nothing was too dangerous or too reckless for the handsome young man with the cold, piercing eyes to try. He raced horses, he race cars... By the time he was eighteen years of age, he had traveled across half the world. He taught himself to fly... The "Great War" came in August of 1914, and by its end the then twenty-six year old Nungesser was France's third leading ace in the First World War, with 45 victories. All of this was quite an impressive career for a young man who dropped out of school at age 16 because he found it "boring", and sailed to Brazil, where an uncle was supposedly going to give him a job on his sugar plantation. When the ship arrived at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, the uncle was no where to be found so, Charles moved on to Buenos Aires, Argentina where he found work as an auto mechanic becoming an avid and quite successful race driver in the process. It was in Argentina that he met a fellow Frenchman who had access to an airplane, a second-hand Bleriot monoplane, built in 1909. Nungesser quickly talked his new found friend into letting him take the Bleriot into the air by himself, as it was a single seat aircraft. He took to the sky as if he were born with wings, and after flying the plane around for a few minutes, he made a successful landing. Nungesser flew for two weeks, literally teaching himself the intricacies of flight, then applied for and received his pilot's license. It was in this way that he started what was to become, and is still, to this day considered, one of the most impressive an aviation careers in the history of manned flight.

Nungesser remained in South America from 1908 until 1914. After five years, he finally found his uncle and

worked for him at his plantation for a short time prior to the outbreak of the First World War. When the War broke out Nungesser returned to France where he joined the Second Hussars. While on patrol one day, Nungesser and several fellow soldiers, stopped a German staff car, shot the occupants, and drove back behind their lines. His superiors were so impressed, they gave him the car and the Medaille Militaire and a promotion to Lieutenant. At this time Nungesser requested and was approved for a transfer to the Service Aeronautique. He was commissioned a Lieutenant on March 2, 1915. Nungesser shot down his first plane, an Albatross, when he left his field without permission. In an action that would be comic if it were not so typically French, he was awarded the Croix de Guerre... then *given eight days in house arrest*. After this he requested to be sent to a fighter group and this was granted at the end of 1915. The new fighter pilot reported to his old base at Nancy. Nungesser reveled in his own mortality. Some said that his choice of symbolism was, in fact, more than a simple affinity for morbid humor. Rumors of his "peculiar" beliefs were rampant. His first aircraft was adorned with all the black symbolism of violent death. A crude death's-head first appeared on his first aircraft, a Voisin, in early 1915 and the skull and crossbones, a coffin and candlesticks all contained in a black heart, adorned all his subsequent aircraft.

While there, he acquired a reputation for "buzzing" a nearby town... naturally, the residents complained. The commander of the squadron told Nungesser that if he was going to do aerobatics, *do them over the German lines*. Nungesser immediately jumped into his plane, flew to the nearest German field, and gave them quite a show. He reported back to his commander, told him what he had done, *and was put under arrest again*.

In January 1916, Nungesser had a serious crash, breaking both legs, piercing the roof of his mouth with the planes control stick, and dislocating his jaw. In the course of his career, was wounded so often that his "charmed life" became rather a legend... among his injuries were a skull fracture, concussion, fractures of the upper and lower jaws, dislocated wrist, clavicle, and ankle, cuts, bruises, and the loss of his teeth. His "luck" in fact, was almost legendary.

Within two months of his first serious crash however, he was flying again, hobbling to his aircraft on crutches. But... one leg did not heal properly, so he underwent surgery to correct the problem. Remarkably, given the seriousness of the operation, the tall, blond Frenchman with the flashing, ice colored eyes, insisted that no anesthesia be given him. His comments on the matter were quite surprising, from a military perspective, given his relatively low rank at the time. He casually stated to his doctors that he held "secrets" that he could not chance revealing. What secrets these were, no one will ever know. Rumors abounded. While Charles Nungesser, like most Frenchman, even today, was at least nominally a Roman Catholic, he seldom attended mass and was known to be almost contemptuous of the Church and its clergy. It was said by some that he was a member of the Knights Templar, the remnants of a knightly order, dissolved by Papal decree in the 14th century for alleged "dark practices" and "Satanic" worship. It was this group which supposedly, in the last days of the Crusades, was given custody of the Holy Grail, the cup from which Jesus Christ allegedly drank at the "last supper". Interestingly, it is still believed by some that the Templars, as originally founded, continue to exist, and are still the custodians of the Holy

Grail and are still involved in "Satanic" practices. Certainly the name "Knights Templar" has been, and continues to be used by several groups of relatively modern origin, but no concrete link to the original Knights Templar can be established for any of them. Likewise, no connection can be made with regard to any of these various groups with concern to any kind of occult practices. Some associated Nungesser with Aleister Crowley and his notorious Abbey of Thelema on the island of Cefalu and there seems to be evidence that he was at least highly interested in the Englishman's occult studies and practices. It is beyond doubt that he held a strong interest in the English mystic's "Golden Dawn" society and was often heard to quote Crowley's summation of the entire law of human nature as "do as thou wilt." Nungesser's life, and his approach to life seem to go hand in hand with Crowley's basic premise that "*Magick is the Science and Art of causing Change to appear in conformity with Will*" which he recorded as a cardinal rule of his philosophy in his thesis "Magick In Theory and Practice", only two years after Nungesser's death, in 1929.

Aleister Crowley, of course, was a self-proclaimed drug and sex "fiend," a mostly self-published author of books on the occult and magic. A poet and mountaineer, and later a leader of the "Ordo Templi Orientis (OTO)" whose tenets he detailed in one of his many writings, *The Book of the Law*. The latter contains his version of the Law of Thelema, which Crowley claims he channeled for a "praeterhuman intelligence" called Aiwass.

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law is his motto for OTO. In practice, for Crowley this meant rejecting traditional morality in favor of the life of a drug addict and womanizer. ("I rave; and I rape and I rip and I

rend" is a line from one of his poems. Diary of a Drug Fiend is the title of one of his books.) He claimed to identify himself with the Great Beast 666 (from the Book of Revelation) and enjoyed the self-appellation of "wickedest man in the world." Crowley inherited a fortune and worked hard at being strange. According to authorities such as Gardner, he was especially alluring to "dysfunctional" women.

That the two men lived at the same time and that Nungesser was very widely traveled simply adds credibility to this theory. Whether he actually met Crowley or any member of the "Golden Dawn" is doubtful, but there is little doubt that he was exposed to these teachings. Likewise, it is known that he owned a first edition copy of Eliphas Levi's *"Key of the Mysteries"*, first published in French in 1861. While never considered, in his school days, as more than an "adequate" student, his personal library also contained an original French edition of Levi's *"Rituel de la Haute Magie"* published in 1856. This volume was, and still is, quite expensive... far beyond the reach of most simple army lieutenants... and is most difficult to read and comprehend.

Nor were Crowley and the various groups associated with him alone. Like Crowley's Golden Dawn, the pseudo-Masonic organizations such as Memphis-Misraim were quite active in France at that time. It is common knowledge that even in the time of Joan of Arc, Giles almost certainly indulged occultism or some kind, as many medieval literate people did. Occultism, in fact, was a rage in France from late 1800s to the Second World War.

In any event, Nungesser's wounds were eventually and amazingly quickly nursed back to health and he started

flying again, March 29, 1916, once again with Escadrille Number 65. In the first week of April he made up for lost time over Verdun shooting down several enemy aircraft and balloons. It is interesting to note that the shooting down of balloons, used at the time for Arial observation, was considered to be one of the most dangerous of missions. It was necessary to come extremely close to an observation balloon to be sure of bringing it down, and these sausage shaped gas bags, filled with hydrogen, were both highly explosive when hit and generally were heavily guarded over by swarms of fighter aircraft. In order to reach the balloon, a pilot had to fight his way through its air cover, dodge anti-aircraft fire from the ground, and then fight his way free, through the ensuing fiery explosion without damage to his own aircraft. Once clear of the blast, he then had to either avoid or engage the determined pursuit of enemy aircraft which had been assigned to protect his target. Without doubt, Nungesser lived up to his reputation for having a "charmed life" -- or -- perhaps his own personal "guardian". He was at last officially ordered to rest and agreed on condition that he would be allowed a roving commission on his return to combat.

At the time, Nungesser was in a fierce competition with Rene Fonch, for the title of French "Ace of Aces"... Nungesser was so crippled by his injuries that his faithful mechanic, Soldat Pochon, had to carry him to and to his aircraft so that he could fly. *After* his patrol, the loyal Pochon would carry him back to the hospital. Eventually, though, because of his repeated hospital stays, Nungesser slowly lost ground in the race with Fonch, who finished the war with 75 downed aircraft as opposed to Nungesser's total of 45.

While some might look at Fonch's total and say that he was the more aggressive of the two men and had more of a "charmed life", there are several differences between the two men that must be pointed out. These also apply to other leading aces of the First World War such as America's Rickenbacker and Luke and Germany's von Richthofen, as compared to Nungesser. This is particularly true of Fonch and von Richthofen who had total victories in excess of Nungesser. While all fighter pilots must be aggressive and willing to take risks, Both Fonch and von Richthofen were very careful pilots, meticulous in their approach to flying, refused to take unwarranted risks, and were highly devout men, as were Rickenbacker, Luke, and most other fliers of the time. None of these things hold true for Nungesser. Charles Nungesser took risks that no other pilot would take or even consider taking and he took his survival as a given, not something to be thankful for or to be particularly grateful for. He was anything but devout. It is Nungesser's complete and apparent disregard for his own safety that makes the difference. Nungesser seemingly expected - knew -- that he would not only survive but, be victorious. He never once credited any of his exploits to "luck" or to any kind of "fortune" or divine providence. He never expressed remorse for any of his victims, nor did he ever regret being what he was. While other pilots, particularly those with high numbers of victories, looked on their grim work as being a necessity of war and their "accomplishments" as something that they would as soon not have done this was hardly true of Nungesser, who gloried in his deeds and basked in the aura of his reputation. While other pilots, particularly those with high numbers of victories held a certain respect for their enemies and in some cases paid tribute to fallen foes, By all accounts Nungesser simply looked on these fallen adversaries as another number to add to his overall

tally. He was apparently completely without feeling with regard to his "profession" and had no regrets for any of his actions whether in the air or on the ground.

Nungesser returned to battle in May 1917. He had a Nieuport with a 130 hp Clerget in place of the more usual 110 hp Le Rhone. Based at first on the Channel coast he shot down six aircraft in two weeks. The Germans soon knew the ace was back and on May 12th a single Albatross dropped a message challenging Nungesser to a single combat over Douai. When the Frenchman got there six enemy fighters were waiting. Nungesser set methodically to work. The grimly marked Nieuport shot down two of them in flames and the rest of the pack scattered.

German traps were not the only additional danger in this most dangerous of environments. The same day as the German challenge, Nungesser was attacked by a haplessly blundering RFC pilot whom he had no alternative but to shoot down. Once again, he had no afterthoughts about this act whatsoever. The only result of the encounter was that in its aftermath broad stripes of red, white and blue were added to the cockades on the top wing. Of course his reputation with his English allies, who already looked on him as a cold-blooded killer, was hardly enhanced by this incident and hardly alleviated by the addition of the identifying markings to his aircraft.

His "charmed life" continued. It seemed that death could not, or would not claim the man who taunted the grim reaper to his face. He continued to pile up a veritable litany of injuries in his fighting -- and flying --career. He managed to sustain yet another skull fracture, a brain concussion, multiple serious internal injuries, five fractures of the upper jaw, two fractures of lower jaw, a

large piece of anti-aircraft shrapnel imbedded in right arm, dislocation of *both* knees, a *re*-dislocation of left knee, a bullet wound in mouth, a bullet wound in ear, atrophy of the tendons in his left leg, atrophy of major muscles in his left calf, a dislocated clavicle, a dislocated wrist, a dislocated right ankle, loss of all of his teeth and a series of serious contusions too numerous to mention. In spite of this, just as he predicted, nothing seemed able to kill France's "Black Knight" or keep him out of the air for very long.

Nungesser became a member of the Lafayette Escadrille, a flying squadron made up primarily of Americans before the entrance of the United States into the War in 1917. The Lafayette Escadrille, like all other "Foreign Legion" units, was generally sent on assignments which were too dangerous to commit native born Frenchmen to. It was for this very reason that Nungesser volunteered for the Squadron. He was, at the time a fierce competitor of Renee' Fonck for the title of "French Ace of Aces". But, once again, even though his life was "charmed", he was often so crippled by his injuries that the faithful mechanic Pochon, had to carry him to and from his aircraft. Because of his repeated hospital stays, Nungesser slowly lost ground in the contest and Fonck finished the war with 75 kills.

On 16 August Nungesser sent his thirtieth victim, a Gotha, crashing into Houthulst forest. But physically he was at the end of his strength. On 12 September he set off from Dunkirk to fly to Paris when he was set on by a solitary Halberstadt DII, itself well behind the Allied lines. After a fight lasting half an hour Nungesser landed at Le l'ouquet in despair with his fuel exhausted. The German also

landed and with a wave he opened the throttle and took off again. Nungesser took it as a personal humiliation.

During the war, Nungesser was quite a colorful individual. As always, he liked fast women and fast cars. He was considered a “ladies man” and was, in fact, quite handsome, even though he looked somewhat older than his actual age and by the end of the war in 1918, the various scars of his many injuries had begun to mar his naturally good looks. To most women, his most striking feature was his piercing, grey-blue eyes, and even in examining the aging black and white photographs which exist of Nungesser, it is easy to see how this could be said. One is almost instantly drawn to his eyes, which have at the same time, a compelling intensity and yet a somewhat empty appearance. His eyes are, in fact, compelling, but, they are the eyes of a man much older than his years; the eyes of a man who knows and has seen far more than he can ever tell, perhaps even more than the horrors seen in war. While in Paris, on leave, *he even dated Mata Hari*, the famous nude dancer and alleged German spy who was shot by a French firing squad in 1917. While Mata Hari’s espionage activities have come into question in the time since her execution, Nungesser always claimed that he knew that she was a spy and supposedly gave her a great deal of false information about a new “super fighter” being built by the French. According to those who knew him, Nungesser also viewed his accomplishments with women as “victories” and felt little personal attachment to any of his many lovers. He never developed a lasting relationship with any woman, and as far as is known had no long-term relationships. Likewise, he was considered to be a “loner” with few close friends. In spite of this, he inspired an intense loyalty in those who did become close to him, such as his mechanic Pochon, and while he was

never “liked” he was highly respected by his colleagues. The same may be said for his relationship with Francois’ Coli, his navigator and co-pilot on Les Oiseau Blanc.

The Allies had suffered more than humiliation throughout the spring of 1917 and Nungesser bore the scars of his many close encounters with death. That September the terrible news of Georges Guyuemer’s disappearance further shook the morale of the Aviation Militaire. Nungesser was given only a slight respite when for a period in the autumn of 1917 he undertook the combat training of new pilots. He was a master of the art of air fighting. One of his pupils reached a score of five in as many days.

In December, while returning to Paris at night in one of the powerful touring cars in which he reveled, he struck a patch of ice at speed and the car overturned. Nungesser was thrown clear but again seriously injured. His faithful mechanic Pochon lay dead in the wreckage. Nungesser was once again in the hospital and for the rest of the war his returns to the front were interrupted by frequent spells of hospitalization. He scored his 40th victory flying a Nieuport 23 on fifth of July 1918 but his great rival Renee’ Fonck had already inherited Guynemers mantle with a score of forty-five. On August 14th, Nungesser scored again with two balloons but once again he was slightly wounded. The next day he brought his score to forty-five and earned his fifteenth citation. At that score, and laden with honors from the French and Allied governments, he finished the war.

Even the French Government acknowledged Nungesser’s contempt for death, and did so officially on 19 May 1918 when it issued his citation for being made an “Officier de

la Legion d'Honneur", France's highest military honor. The citation states: "Incomparable pursuit pilot, with exceptional knowledge and magnificent bravery, which reflect the power and inflexible will of his ancestry. In the cavalry, where during his first engagements he earned the *Médaille Militaire*, then in a *groupe de bombardement* where for his daily prowess he was cited several times in orders and was decorated with the Legion of Honor, and finally with an *Escadrille de chasse*, for thirty months his exploits were prodigious, and he always presented himself as a superb example of tenacity and audacity, displaying an arrogant contempt for death. Absent from the front several times because of crashes and wounds, his ferocious energy was not dampened, and he returned each time to the fray, with his spirit undaunted gaining victory after victory, finally becoming famous as the most feared adversary for German aviation. 31 enemy aircraft downed, three balloons flamed, two wounds, fifteen citations." Note that even the official citation of the French Government mentions Nungesser's "arrogant contempt for death".

His fascination with the occult, the supernatural and the paranormal is reflected in his choice of the insigna that adorned his aircraft all through the war, and later adorned the sides of "Le Oiseau Blanc" -- an open coffin flanked by two lighted candles and a death's head with crossed bones, inside a large, black heart -- some even went so far as to call the aristocratic, somewhat arrogant young Frenchman with the cold grey eyes -- a -- "warlock." It was an accusation to which he never publicly responded. Nor, for that matter, did he ever deny the charge. According to those who knew him, he would simply laugh and display a quizzical, tight-lipped "half smile". Yet he was often heard to comment that he "knew Death well", and that "Death would claim him only when it was his time... and

not one minute before.” It was said that when he spoke these words he always, and without variance, gave emphasis to the word death as though he were speaking of living being... not simply the end of life. Was he taunting death, or did he actually know? Did he have, as some said, a “pact with the Devil”?



Before going farther in the theory of Nungesser as a “warlock” (This, by the way, is not the proper term for a male witch. The term is, in fact, the same whether the person in question is either male or female. In some circles the word “Wizard” is acceptable. The term “Warlock”, however, in all circles, is invariably viewed as a cardinal insult as it actually means an “oath breaker” which none professes to be) one must realize that there are two types

of “witch”, and that both, in fact, exist. One must then make the distinction between those two types of individual.

The “first” type of witchcraft is the “genetic” Witch. This is an individual who is born with a genetic ability or propensity toward the ability to do certain things that “normal” people are incapable of accomplishing. These abilities usually fall in the area of mental or psychic abilities. They include such phenomenon as foreseeing the future to a limited degree, premonitions, foreknowledge, telekinesis, teleportation, astral projection and any number of other demonstrable abilities which are more or less unexplainable by today’s science. Individuals in this category generally also have abnormally high intelligence, falling in the upper 5% of IQ scores. In each case, such talents or abilities, while apparently unexplainable, are demonstrable to the point of warranting scientific investigation and legitimate research. It is also important to note that such genetically linked abilities usually exist in “clusters” in individuals, not as singular, isolated “talents”. In the past, many individuals born with such abilities were considered “witches”, although their abilities had nothing to do with any sort of “pact with the Devil” or religion, in general for that matter.

The second type of witchcraft is the traditional “Witch”, as defined by Judeo-Christian theology as one who has made a pact with the “devil” – Lucifer Mekratrig -- selling his or her soul in exchange for a given fee or payment, usually earthly power, fame or wealth. Such individuals may exhibit one or several of the abilities of the “genetic” witch, but in general, they have only one talent or ability, or a single (for lack of a better term) “gift”. Such an individual is typified by such things as the Oscar Wilde short story

"The Picture of Dorian Gray", in which a young man leads a life of debauchery, immune from its effects, including aging, while a portrait painted of himself sustains all of the consequences of his actions. While Wilde's story is a work of fiction there are "gifts" that can be taught, learned and/or bestowed.

If one accepts the possibility that Charles Nungesser was, in fact, a "warlock" (the colloquial term for a male witch) as was commonly rumored, and he, in fact, never denied, one must examine which of these two variants of "witchcraft" best suit the profile of this individual. Given the considerable amount of information concerning his life and career that is readily at hand, a single conclusion is glaringly obvious.

While it is possible that Nungesser was, in fact, a genetic witch, there is far more to substantiate that his "witchcraft" if such was the case, was of the other sort. Aside from his apparently "charmed life", Nungesser appears to have had no other specific gift or talent that could not be explained by normal, rational means. True, he had exceptionally keen reflexes and sharp eyesight. He had excellent hand to eye coordination. Likewise, it is true that he was an expert mechanic. True as well, he had a ready mind, obviously high level of intelligence and could quickly and easily learn such complex things (even at the time) as flying. However... the fact remains that he had only a single ability or "gift" that was not completely explainable by normal and accepted means. He had a "charmed life". He seemed able to literally taunt death, and to know that he positively would not die and could not be killed until "his time had come".

Quite possibly, if one accepts this premise in Nungesser's case, it is easy to see how he could not be killed until his "time had come", yet, as was demonstrated by his numerous injuries, nothing protected him from injury, even serious injury. In spite of this ability to avoid death, the amount of injuries he sustained, the relative seriousness of those injuries and the number of near-fatal incidents and occurrences in his life tend to indicate that he had no particular psychic ability. Once again, if one does accept the premise of "witchcraft" in Nungesser's case, and stipulates that his "gift" was the result of a "bargain" rather than an effect of genetic witchcraft then, on the surface, it can easily be seen how such a set of circumstances would be very similar to the keeping of the letter of a written contract. If the agreement in question stated that he would not die for a certain period of time, or that he could not be killed for a given time, it said nothing of injuries or the condition of his life during that time. He certainly had no ability to foresee events, even in the form of rudimentary premonitions, nor did he seem to have any ability to control events in any way. If one accepts the possibility of "witchcraft" with regard to Charles Nungesser, and couples this acceptance with the contents of his library and his known interests in the occult, only one conclusion is reasonably possible.

Charles Nungesser, of course, was not the first notable French military figure to have been accused of having "powers" or abilities beyond those of normal men and women. Likewise, he was not the first to be accused of having a "charmed life". Nor, in fact, was he the first notable French military figure to have been accused of being a "warlock". He was certainly not the first, nor the last, to have been accused of "making a pact with the Devil". He was fortunate in that he lived in a time in

which such a charge was considered amusing and somewhat exotic... and his lack of response, accompanied by his wry smile and darting eyes was, at the time he lived, considered somewhat comic. This was not always the case. Others before him had not been so fortunate. Two notable examples come instantly to mind.

It is, of course, only natural, when contemplating "witchcraft" as the source of a successful military career to consider Joan of Arc -- the "Maid of Orleans", who was, in fact, burned at the stake as a witch by the Church in 1431 and (for the most obvious of political reasons) declared a saint by the same Church in our own time. A full discussion of the case of Joan of Arc, at this point is unnecessary. The story is well known. It is enough to say that many believe that Joan and several notables associated with her were in fact "witches". This premise is plausible, and even likely, given unbiased thought. Whether her "witchcraft" was of the genetic variety or the result of a "pact" of some sort is open to speculation. Likewise, she could simply have been a practitioner of an earlier, pagan religion, something which was still a common occurrence in 15th century Europe.

Another excellent example of "witchcraft" in French military circles comes from the same era, and happens to be that of Joan's greatest friend in the French army, Gilles de Rais (or Retz). It is beyond question that de Rais was an acknowledged and, in fact, self-acknowledged "witch". As opposed to the more famous and well-known case of Joan of Arc, there are, in fact, some obvious parallels between de Rais and Charles Nungesser.

Both men were, at the height of their fame while still in their early twenties. Both were very earnest and able

soldiers. Both men were highly ambitious, determined to succeed and apparently completely unafraid of death. Gilles de Rais became a Marshal, at the age of twenty-five. By that same age Nungesser had also reached the peak of his wartime accomplishments as one of the world's greatest living aviators and France's third ranking ace. DeRais was a nobleman. In the era of the First World War, at a time when France had no "aristocracy", aviators, particularly "aces" were seen as the equivalent of "nobility". Both men basked in their accomplishments and reputations.

The "Grande Encyclopedia" refers to de Rais as "one of the finest intelligences of the time". Obviously the same could be said of Nungesser, whose intellect, while ignored by the prestigious encyclopedia, was beyond question. Unlike Nungesser however, de Rais seems to have been somewhat mad, and left the army to pursue "magical studies" in his princely chateau. He is said to have fallen into scandalous and horrifying excesses, even killing children for his experiments. It is asserted that he the original of the Bluebeard story. How much of this is true and how much fiction devised to make the eventual execution of a national hero palatable to the French population of the time will never be known. It is, however, beyond doubt that he openly confessed that he had been a witch, without torture or other coercion and that, regardless of any political motivations, he was executed on an uncontested charge of "witchcraft".

As previously stated, there are numerous other examples which could be given. Less than a century after the deaths of Joan of Arc and Gilles de Rais one of the bloodiest and most pervasive "witch hunts" in history gripped both Europe and North America. It is possible that some of those who were accused were actually "witches". It is

entirely possible that some of those who were actually "witches", were those who had made a "pact" of some sort, with some occult or supernatural power -- the "Devil", "Satan" or "Lucifer" -- or whatever name we choose to use. While this group is of necessity extremely small, making up only a fraction of those who qualify as "witches" whether they are "genetic witches" or practitioners of a pagan, pre-Christian religion, it nevertheless exists, and accounts for a substantial amount of those individuals who have only a single "gift" or "talent", and for the vast majority of those who use that gift or talent, if not for evil, then for purposes solely of self-interest. As previously pointed out, Nungesser was accused, repeatedly, of being a "warlock" -- and not only never denied the accusations, but seemed to take a certain pleasure in the notoriety associated with those accusations.

Now, it should be noted that it is possible, though barely so, that Nungesser fits into that third category of "witch", a practitioner of a pagan, pre-Christian religion. All religions proclaim that it is at least possible for their followers to be protected, at least for a time, and under some circumstances, from death. As far as is known, Nungesser was not an "evil" man, nor did any of his actions qualify as being evil. Certainly he killed, but it was within the context of war. He was a combat pilot, and extremely proficient in his occupation. It is also true that he was vain, somewhat arrogant and, if one judges his behavior by the standards of most of the accepted religions of our own day, somewhat immoral. However, this does not constitute "evil". A proficient combat pilot is both deadly and dangerous, but, this is his profession. Likewise, many men, as well as women, are slightly immoral with respect to the world's accepted religions. This does not make them evil. The fact is Nungesser's sole

claim to uniqueness is the fact that he openly flaunted death, literally made a badge out of his contempt for death, and vocally proclaimed that he could not be killed until his "time" came. This combination of traits may be a bit odd, but they are certainly not inherently evil, and could be seen in the adherents of any number of religions. However, his well known and obvious disdain for religion as a whole of any kind and his interest in the occult, including his renowned personal insignia tend to downplay this possibility.

After the war, Nungesser purchased a surplus Moraine-Saulner trainer aircraft and opened a flying school in France but in spite of his record and reputation as a pilot, he could not get enough students, in the already sagging economy, to make it a success. He then entered the barnstorming circuit for a while but while it was considerably more lucrative than the failed flying school venture, this kind of life simply was not fulfilling for the man who had taunted death for so long. Eventually, he purchased Hanriot HD-I, once again bearing his grim wartime insignia and traveled to the United States. He eventually made his way to Hollywood where, he appeared in several motion pictures, including the famous, Oscar winning silent version of "Dawn Patrol" as a combat stunt pilot. While this was glamorous to an extent, and allowed him to demonstrate his immense talent as a flier, he became tired of this relatively "tame" lifestyle. After leading such a fast life in the service, Nungesser was simply compelled by his own personality to find something that was more challenging. He was restless by nature and judging from his behavior, still yearned for the ability to flaunt death that he had so boldly exhibited during the war. Most likely because of this, he decided to try his hand at something that was infinitely more

interesting... and, at least at the time, considerably more dangerous... a non-stop crossing the Atlantic Ocean. And... as previously noted, on May 8, 1927 Lieutenant Charles Jules Marie Nungesser and his navigator Captain Francois' Coli left Paris' Le Bourget airfield in France in their specially built Levasseur P.L.8 flotation equipped biplane, and were never seen again. Maybe, just maybe -- the "third" seat in the specially built cockpit of the aircraft that Nungesser had commissioned specifically for his trans-oceanic attempt contained his old friend -- "Death", or maybe someone less impartial and slightly more sinister in nature rode with the two as they took to the air that beautiful May morning. Whether it was simply "fate", the "fortunes of war", or something more substantial, the "appointed time" that Nungesser had openly flaunted for so long had finally come.

It has now been over three-quarters of a century since the disappearance of Charles Nungesser, François Coli and "Le Oiseau Blanc". Now, since the time of their flight... almost from the beginning, most people tended to believe that Nungesser and Coli made it to North America only to crash in some isolated and inaccessible part of the Canada or the upper Northeastern United States. In fact, in 1984, after years of investigation and the interviewing of dozens of individuals who made reports on the subject, the French Government issued an official statement to that effect. It was substantiated by similar reports by both the United States and Canadian Governments. Still, in all the time that has passed since the disappearance of "The White Dove", dozens, if not hundreds of expeditions have combed the forests of Newfoundland and Maine and no trace of the great white airplane, or Nungesser and Coli has ever been found. It was as if, like the great French Ace Georges Guyemer, who vanished without a trace into a

fog bank in full view of hundreds of witnesses, they had simply flown off into oblivion.

In the spring of 2002, The International Group for Historic Aircraft Recovery (TIGHAR) in Wilmington, Delaware, mounted an expedition to attempt to help solve the then three quarters of a century old mystery and find "The White Dove". This team had a marked advantage over earlier efforts aimed at finding the remains of Nungesser, Coli and their aircraft. They were armed with imagery taken by Space Imaging's Ikonos 2 satellite. "The French airplane is another vanish-without-a-trace situation," said Richard Gillespie, TIGHAR's executive director, referring earlier TIGHAR expeditions to attempt and locate the remains of lost aviatrix Amelia Earhardt. At the time, TIGHAR was still heavily involved in a 12-year long investigation, dubbed The Earhardt Project, and, in fact, offered some startling new evidence which suggested that Earhardt had managed to reach Nikumaroro Island, formerly called Gardner Island, an uninhabited coral atoll in the Phoenix Group, now part of the Republic of Kiribati. The TIGHAR expedition to the remote island recovered artifacts, suspected of being from the lost flight. The organization hoped that the same type of technology that had, so-far, aided them in their search for Earhardt would also lead to the discovery of Les Oiseau Blanc.

On the surface there are a number of similarities between the disappearance of Earhardt and her co-pilot/navigator Fred Noonan and that of Charles Nungesser and his co-pilot/navigator Francois Coli. For many years it was assumed by most researchers that both of the airplanes... Earhardt's Lockheed Electra and Nungesser's PL-8, depleted of fuel and off course, crashed in the sea. Nungesser and Coli as well as Earhardt and Noonan were

assumed to have perished in ocean waters. However, the similarities are only on the surface. While Earhardt's aircraft was equipped with a radio, and it was an established fact that she was, at last report, over open ocean, Le Oiseau Blanc had no radio. However, even without this means of determining Nungesser's approximate position, reports of an aircraft being heard and sighted over Newfoundland and upper Maine, at the exact time that Nungesser and Coli should have been there, in the heart of one of the most severe storms ever to hit the region, seem to make it more than likely that Les Oiseau Blanc crashed, or was forced down, at some point on dry land, after reaching the North American Continent. Likewise it was known from her last radio transmission that Earhardt was low on fuel at the time she disappeared. All calculations indicate that, in spite of the inclement weather that they encountered, Nungesser and Coli had sufficient fuel to reach New York, and still have a small reserve, and more than enough to reach some point in Northeastern North America at which they could safely land. It must also be remembered that the PL-8 was essentially a seaplane and unless it was seriously damaged, could stay afloat, even in extremely foul weather, for a considerable length of time.

Gillespie stated that TIGHAR expected satellite imagery to help pin down a suspected crash site of the two aviators -- "perhaps in the cold climes of Newfoundland" -- he said. The primary hope of the group was to identify magnetic anomalies which would correspond to the size and density of the parts of Les Oiseau Blanc which were likely to survive any crash and possible fire, and still be in tact some eight decades after the fact. Essentially, the search was for the aircraft's huge radial engine which would not

only survive any possible crash or crash landing in tact, but likely be identifiable by its configuration.

Several promising locations were uncovered by the Ikonos 2 satellite. Unfortunately, none of the sites have, so far, born fruit. Of course there are numerous potential reasons for this. First of all, aircraft construction was markedly different in the 1920s from even the state of the art a mere ten years later. There was virtually no metal used in the construction of aircraft at the time the "White Dove" was build. All aircraft were then constructed of wood, which was then covered with a heavily lacquered cloth. The only large metal parts of any first or second generation airplane were its motor, fuel tank and landing gear. As previously pointed out, being a seaplane, Les Oiseau Blanc had jettisoned its landing gear shortly after take-off to save weight and reduce drag on the long flight across the Atlantic. It is more than possible, given these construction techniques that the aircraft, had it been struck by a bolt of lightening in the storm that was known to be raging (not an uncommon event, even today), crashed under power, or been forced to make a crash landing, with even a small amount of fuel remaining in it's tanks, would have burned so completely in a resulting fire that no major portion of it remained except for the minimal amount of metal parts, the largest of which being the motor.

Not surprisingly in such a remote region, the Ikonos 2 imaging revealed several large magnetic anomalies roughly the size of an aircraft motor of that time in the proper vintage. One of these could quite easily have been the great rotary engine of Les Oiseau Blanc now lying buried beneath almost eighty years of built up ground cover and sediment. Unfortunately, none of these anomalies are visible from the surface of the earth and

extensive archeological work will be required before it can be determined if along with motor of the "White Dove", lie the charred remains of Nungesser and Coli. TIGHAR made its first venture into the field in 2002, followed by a second expedition in the spring of 2003. However, neither of these assaults on the now almost eighty year old mystery has produced any positive findings. Other expeditions are, of course, in the works. There is something about the words "vanished without a trace" that simply beg the curious and the determined to look for that trace. This is especially so if the person who has vanished is, or was, one of the most accomplished pilots in the early years of aviation, and one of the most decorated aces ever to live.

Of course, they may never be found... and... even today, on stormy nights, when the conditions are right in the backwoods of Maine and along the rocky, wave battered shores of Newfoundland, in the dead of the night when the throbbing growl of a single aircraft engine is heard, straining and groaning as it fights against the fury of one of the region's notoriously furious storms, the old timers gather around and tell the tale of the great "White Dove", it's famous crew, and how they vanished without a trace. They tell about France's "Black Knight" who ended the "War to End All Wars" with a total of 45 confirmed victories in air to air combat... They tell of the man with the "charmed life", the alleged "warlock" who taunted death itself...

And... there are times when that throbbing growling sound seems to come from nowhere. Times when a North Atlantic storm is at its deadly worst -- times when the sound comes almost painfully, but determinedly from the East, then turns to the South and slowly vanishes into

driving rains and wind of the storm-ridden night . There are times when a straining, overwrought sound is heard -- the sound of an aircraft in serious trouble as it fights the storm. In seventy-nine years, dozens of reports have been made to local police, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the Canadian and United States Air Force and numerous other rescue agencies. Hundreds of people tell of hearing the screaming whine of an aircraft "going down" in the remote backwoods along the border of Canada and the United States. Some say -- some believe -- that it is Nungesser, Coli and "Le Oiseau Blanc" -- an airborne "Flying Dutchman" damned forever to strive for safe harbor against the fury of the storm. Some believe that Lieutenant Charles Jules Marie Nungesser, the "warlock" is paying the price for the "pact with the devil" that gave him fame, recognition and a "charmed" although short life.

Charles Nungesser's name is all but forgotten today. He died just two months after his thirty-fifth birthday, long before most of us, or even our parents were born. Still, in the last dozen years of his brief lifetime, his name was a household word on two continents. He was a man of contrasts, a man of many facets. He was both brave and reckless. He was a daredevil who would literally try anything and was almost always successful at anything he tried. He was at the same time feared, respected, hated and adored. He was glamorous, and at the same time sinister. He was known as "the man with the charmed life", yet he had almost every bone in his body broken at least once. He was arrogant, proud, boastful and brash. He was handsome, and could be gallant and quite charming when it served his purpose. He drew women to him like a magnet, even the famous spy Mata Hari, but never formed any lasting relationship. He was a "loner" but inspired

intense loyalty in the few who were allowed to be close to him. He was a methodical, cold-blooded killer with the blood of forty-five men on his hands. He was a national hero. And... he was in all likelihood -- a "Warlock". It was a charge that was often made and one that he never denied. In fact, he reveled in it -- just as he reveled in his claim that death would come for him "at its appointed time, and not one second before"...

In Nungesser's case, it is reasonable to suppose that a very developed sense of "premonition" (rather like what Mark Twain referred to as "having a feeling about when the frog will jump") coupled with a very acute set of reflexes, vision and hearing. Keep in mind that the definition of "witchcraft", at least in the sense that it actually may exist, is genetically based and not religious in nature. In fact, given the current "loaded" nature of the term "witchcraft", it might be better to develop a completely new term for the phenomenon rather than attempt to use one which has been corrupted beyond recognition by improper definition.

It is always a reasonable practice to eliminate any natural or normal causes of any given incidents before attempting to assign any paranormal or "supernatural" (which I think is a very poor term) cause or causes to them. It has been found over the years, especially in dealing with relatively early cases which took place before the sciences developed to their current point, that much which was once attributed to the "supernatural" or to "witchcraft" can now be fully explained and even duplicated under laboratory conditions. Naturally, as time passes and the state of the art increases in all branches of science, this will become more and more common. However, given the times in which Charles Nungesser lived, and the presence

of unexplainable, although real abilities, a man like Nungesser could well have attributed his powers to "Satan" or some sort of "pact" simply because he lacked any other explanation, within the context of his times, knowledge and understanding, for what were obviously very real abilities. Even today, in some segments of society, this is not uncommon.

Because of this, in examining Nungesser and his somewhat remarkable "talents it is first necessary to approach the following questions.

1. Was he insane? Obviously not, at least not in any established sense of the word and certainly not clinically so.
2. Was he Psychotic? While this is admittedly hard to assess about a long-dead person, apparently he was not, although his lack of emotion and feeling with regard to his "profession" indicates that he may have had some pathological impulses which came out in wartime but would have remained unnoticed in a time of peace. There are enough documentable eye-witness accounts of the man and recently living initials who knew him to say with some safety that he was certainly not clinically so.
3. Was he schizophrenic? No, he never professed to hearing voices or having any direct information from any "higher source" except in that he seemed to have very pronounced premonitions and perhaps a limited ability to see relatively short distances into the future. (Example: On his last flight, he obviously did not think his "time had come". If he had any premonition of his impending death, it occurred at some point after take-

off, but due to the lack of communication, this is an unknown factor. To believe otherwise, one would have to accept that he was aware of his coming death and willing to kill another man along with him, in order to "go out on top").

4. Can his behavior or ability be explained by any now-existing theory? Yes. Premonition, precognition and a limited view of the future have all been demonstrated in the laboratory as natural, although highly unusual, abilities.

5. Was he religious? Could extreme religious belief play any role in his views? No, or extremely unlikely given the known facts about the man. His near complete disdain for the sexual "taboos" of the time tend to support this as well, especially as he tended to flaunt his exploits.

6. Did he actually have any unusual talents or abilities? Apparently so although they were limited. He might have known that he was not going to die at any given time, but he apparently had no idea whether or not he would be injured or how severely -- how narrow any given "escape" would be. His abilities in this area also seem to be enhanced by very good reflexes, natural senses and a true talent for flying and other mechanically/physical coordination related activities.

Now granted, such abilities, reflexes and senses in combination qualify a person of Nungesser's status as "psychic" -- but what he attributed this to would depend entirely upon his social surroundings and background. Certainly his public comments, or rather his lack of public

denial of comments, seems to back up the notion that he might have believed himself to have some sort of "pact" with "the Devil", as does his apparent aversion to any form of religious organization or participation. This is entirely likely, simply because a person of Nungesser's time, who died prior to the demonstration of the very abilities that he had in a laboratory, would have no other "logical" explanation for them except for "Satanic" or "Divine" to support the existence of any given ability or power. The idea that such abilities or combinations of abilities, senses and reflexes might be naturally occurring, although rare, would simply not occur to such a person in such a time.

Nor is it possible to discount another aspect of Nungesser's all too human character in an assessment of his possible paranormal abilities... One absolutely cannot discount the fact that a person who was obviously vain and enjoyed the limelight might play up on such a reputation in order to build up a "mystique" and attract even more attention to himself. Keep in mind that as any good PR man will tell you, "There is no such thing as "bad" publicity." There are always those who will "dance with the Devil" for the sake of the notoriety, and those who will be drawn to individuals who are willing to do this. To illustrate such a point, one need look no further than such individuals as Alistair Crowley, Anton LaVey or any number of popular entertainers of our own time such as Ozzie Osbourne or "Marilyn Manson". If one combines this with premonition, or a limited ability to see the future it becomes relatively easy to explain his comments about knowing that it "wasn't his time" even if he didn't know exactly when that time would be. This would also explain his disdain for the sexual mores of the time and his apparent disregard for the public's reaction to his exploits.

Crowley was grossly misinterpreted for years which is one of the reasons that Nungesser might well have been a "self taught" practitioner of Crowley's beliefs. There is also a hint that he was exposed, at some point, to the writings of Albert Pike, who was also highly misrepresented and misinterpreted by those who were not aware of the actual meaning of his words and their proper connotation due to context. Such might also be the case with Charles Nungesser – or -- perhaps it is his “peculiar” and “unique” collection of “gifts” are being misinterpreted.

History, of course, records that the American Charles Lindberg was the first man to successfully cross the Atlantic Ocean, non-stop in an airplane, flying from New York to Paris, in the late summer of 1927. Lindberg, although his life was far from being free of pain and tragedy, lived to a ripe old age, and his history making Ryan monoplane “Spirit of St. Louis” now hangs in the Smithsonian Institute. But... Lindberg was not first...

On May 8, 1927, several weeks before Lindberg made his epic flight, Charles Nungesser left Le Bourget airfield in France with Captain Francois Coli, his navigator in a specially built Levasseur P.L.8 flotation equipped biplane that was commissioned by Nungesser. It was built for the task at hand, with a large, for the time, three place cockpit. The all-white airplane was, naturally, adorned *with Nungesser's First World War insignia... a black heart containing two burning candles, a coffin, and skull and cross bones*. Nungesser intended to be the first man to fly non-stop across the Atlantic Ocean, and, there was no reason for him to expect anything but success as he set out over the Atlantic Ocean. Lieutenant Charles Nungesser, Captain François' Coli, and their plane, “Les Oiseau Blanc”-- the “White Dove”, were never seen again. For the man who

flaunted death -- the man with the "charmed life" who said that death would only take him at its appointed time, that time had come. When it came, Charles Jules Marie Nungesser was at the absolute peak of his popularity and involved in the greatest undertaking of his life. Could that popularity have been the "price of the man"? Was that twelve years of fame and renown the price he received for his soul? Did Nungesser's failure to reach New York and his total disappearance simply indicate that his famous "luck" had run out, or was it something more? Is it just possible that this crowning achievement of his career was simply "not part of the bargain"?

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Author - Articles/Books

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:

'Pensatia – Forgotten Rosicrucian Mystic'

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Compiled by Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org



Author, Marilyn Hughes, *Photo by Harvey Kushner*

The thirteenth issue of the 'The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal' begins a series of issues which will cover forgotten mystics from different religious traditions, beginning with Pensatia – the forgotten Rosicrucian Mystic!

In our 'Question and Answer' Section, we answer the age-old question asked by people around the world on a regular basis about why they have not yet been able to achieve an out-of-body experience, and in the spirit of our new series of issues, we allow Pensatia's writings to take a stab at the question also. And Hank Snow, a Knight of St. Michael, asks questions about the archangel and the heavenly hosts, as well.

And In our 'Different Voices' section, Michael from lightlounge.com, in the spirit of Pensatia, writes an article about the Kingdom of Heaven within us. J.D. Simbeck, elaborating on some words shared earlier in the article about Pensatia by the Master H on war, writes about the history of conflict around the world – delving deeply into his view of American responsibility in the current conflict in Iraq. Dr. James D. Choron explores another forgotten person from history, a fighter pilot, but with an interesting twist. He asks the question 'Did he make a pact with Satan?' This question further takes us into the momentary nature of life and the real obligation we have to make choices which support an eternal good rather than the impermanent nature of our own egos. Join us in this new journey into the forgotten mystics from around the world and find yourself enthralled with some of the less remembered but greatly profound words of those whose lives served a mission which was tragically forgotten to time.

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